
Title: A Brief History III

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A Brief History of the
Lore Council and the
Matriarchs – The
Cataclysm at Anjur
Hunter Karavan's Account
After an already
exhaustive battle against
a half dozen gazers or
more, we managed to
break inside the Citadel
of Anjur and pursue our
quarry. My Stinger was
helpful in leading us
towards the mage, as the
living weapons were
designed by the
Matriarchs to assist
Hunters in their duty of
dealing with rogue mages.
As we made our way
down into the depths of
the Citadel we could hear
the sounds of battle, and
we redoubled our pace
but as we entered I saw
a fellow Hunter sent
flying before being
crushed under a pile of
rubble. With rage clouding
my vision I screamed a
battle cry and ran
towards the traitorous
Tarathas as he rose,
taking note of the
venomous barbs already
lodged through his robes
and in his flesh, and I
drew my Stinger back to
engage him directly before
his unwounded arm
shimmered and his stone
encased fist clutched at
my Stinger. I flung my
head forward and let my
forehead smash into his
nose, feeling the bone
break from the impact as
his blood flowed freely

from the wound. With a snarl he staggered back, attempted to disarm me of my Stinger but I clung to it tenaciously. I could hear Kurth screaming for me to disengage so he could get a shot, before his cursing and footsteps could be heard trying to find a new position.

Engrossed in my own battle I took no heed of him, and let loose with a flurry of blows with my free hand, impacting his torso a half dozen times before he enchanted himself there with the same stone encasement, and I could feel the crunching of the bones in my hand as they impacted his changed form. With a howl of fury I lashed out with a kick intending to catch him just under his chin, but I felt a deep shuddering impact to my body, and my legs went weak beneath me. In horror I looked down to see his wounded arm embedded to the elbow inside me, a magic blade of wind covering it as it pierced through me. He pulled his arm out covered in my lifeblood as my grip loosened from my Stinger, and I crumpled to the floor in a heap, awakening a week later in a special ward.

Scout Kurth's Account

By the time myself and my partner, Karavan the Hunter had managed to fight our way into the Citadel of Anjur we had already exhausted many of our potions and supplies that we had entered with. I must admit that my trepidation only increased as we passed by many slain gazers and comrades

alike, and my resolve
quavered for a
moment...but only a
moment, as Karavan's
large hand came to rest
on my shoulder and he
told me to take heart
and remain stalwart. This
was my first true
mission that I had ever
been on and though I had
managed to face the
gazers with bravery and
courage, I worried that I
would falter upon
encountering Tarathas
himself. I had been
friends with his son for
decades, but I knew my
duty. As Karavan and I
entered the chamber he
threw himself at the
Chamberlain, but was
between me and Tarathas
and prevented me from
getting a shot with my
crossbow. It seemed like
eternity as I shouted to
him to reposition, and
then began to move to
get a clear shot, but I
am sure it only took
seconds. I will never
forget the squelching
noise that accompanied
Karavan's squeak of
surprise as Tarathas'
hand ripped out his guts,
and my own resounding
scream of horror and
fury as I took aim at
Tarathas. To this day, I
am unsure if it was luck,
destiny, or divine guidance
that guided my bolt, but
I let loose with a shot
that I swore I had aimed
at the traitors exposed
neck, but he moved to
one side and it impacted
a pouch near the side of
his robe and carried it
directly into the nexus
point behind him. He
shouted in alarm as he
turned towards the nexus,
rushing towards it the
instant before the nexus

pulsed.
Still in shock at
Karavan's apparent death,
I watched as if from
outside my body as
Tarathas reached the
nexus as it seemed to
burst apart in an
explosion, sending him
flying for a brief
second...before the nexus
imploded upon itself and
sucked his screaming body
inside and vanishing. I'm
told that the magical
force released in that
instant was felt by every
mage of our society at
once, and that the void
was irrevocably altered
that day, but at the
time all I could think of
was trying to help
Karavan hang on until a
healer could reach us.